

Magazine Feature Section

In This
Corner

Both Members of This Club

and in This



Sylvester Black.

Heavy-Weight Champion Jess Willard or whoever stands in his shoes in the year of grace 1935, A. D., must begin to look to his laurels.

America's paperweight champions, William and Sylvester Black, aged 19 months exactly, have challenged the world.

Just at present the twins weigh in at thirty-five pounds each. No two peas in a pod were ever more like. Even Papa and Mama Black—whisper it—have been heard to differ over their identity. As yet they wear no colors and their trunks bear a suspicious resemblance to the garments mothers pin on infants.

But when visited at their training camp, the parlor of the Black residence at 3549 Flourway street, Chicago, one day last week, Battling Bill had just knocked out Sylvester in the third round with a terrific baby right cross to the jaw which might have been a miniature rival of Willard's own. Referee Papa Black had counted Sylvester out and Chief Trainer Mama Black was busily restoring him with kisses.

A boxing expert who witnessed Sylvester's finish made the following report:

THE FIGHT BY ROUNDS.

Round One—They shook hands in the middle of the ring and Bill landed a left tap on Syl's nose, following it with a right cross to the jaw. They clinched and Syl showed superior skill in close, hammering Bill in the place where he keeps his porridge with short right and left jabs. Syl landed a light blow on Bill's jaw, but this was evened up by Bill a second later when he planted a wicked right under Syl's pink ear. The round closed with both scattering safety pins furiously in the middle of the ring. Bill's round.

Round Two—Syl, evidently refreshed by his milk bottle, rushed Bill to the ropes and landed several infant, but vicious swings to Bill's midriff. Bill clinched and held until separated by the referee, and then got Syl going with a terrific right across to the jaw. Syl dodged into Chief Trainer Black's arms and hung on to her skirts despite Bill's efforts to push him away and land the finishing punch. Syl's diplomacy saved him here and he was beginning to nod at bell time. Bill's round.

BABY CHAT HERE.

Round Three—This round opened cheerfully, both chatting away at a rapid rate in baby consonants and gurgles. Syl measured Bill with a straight left and followed with two rights to the heart, but Bill shook them off and kept coming. It was evident here that Syl was beginning to think of his milk bottle again, for all his blows lacked steam, and he kept one eye on Chief Trainer Black. Bill followed him around, however, blocking all his leads and side-stepping his swings. Occasionally he stepped inside of a left and grabbed Sylvester around the belt. Syl forgot the milk bottle and started a right swing which never landed, Bill jolting his head back with a well-timed left and landing a formidable right cross to the point of the jaw. Syl gurgled more consonants, kicked up his heels at the count of nine and stretched out on the floor and was counted out. Bill's fight.

One remarkable thing about the fight was the fact that the contestants used no harsh language.

AN EDIFYING TALK.

When interviewed on his defeat Sylvester lifted his eyebrows and announced:

"Grgl gurgl glik ma dada."

This challenge was carried back to William, who stuck out his chin. All he said was:

"Daa daa glump erli ump."

Leaving it, of course, still an open question. Which is something the public will have to decide for itself, as we insist upon remaining neutral.

Chief Trainer Mama Black, who has brought up one 8-year-old son, James J., to be a champion skater and punching bag artist and otherwise accomplished, insists on a rigid diet for her twins. They keep in fighting trim on this, their daily menu:

Baked potatoes—in large quantities.

Bacon fat—in moderation.

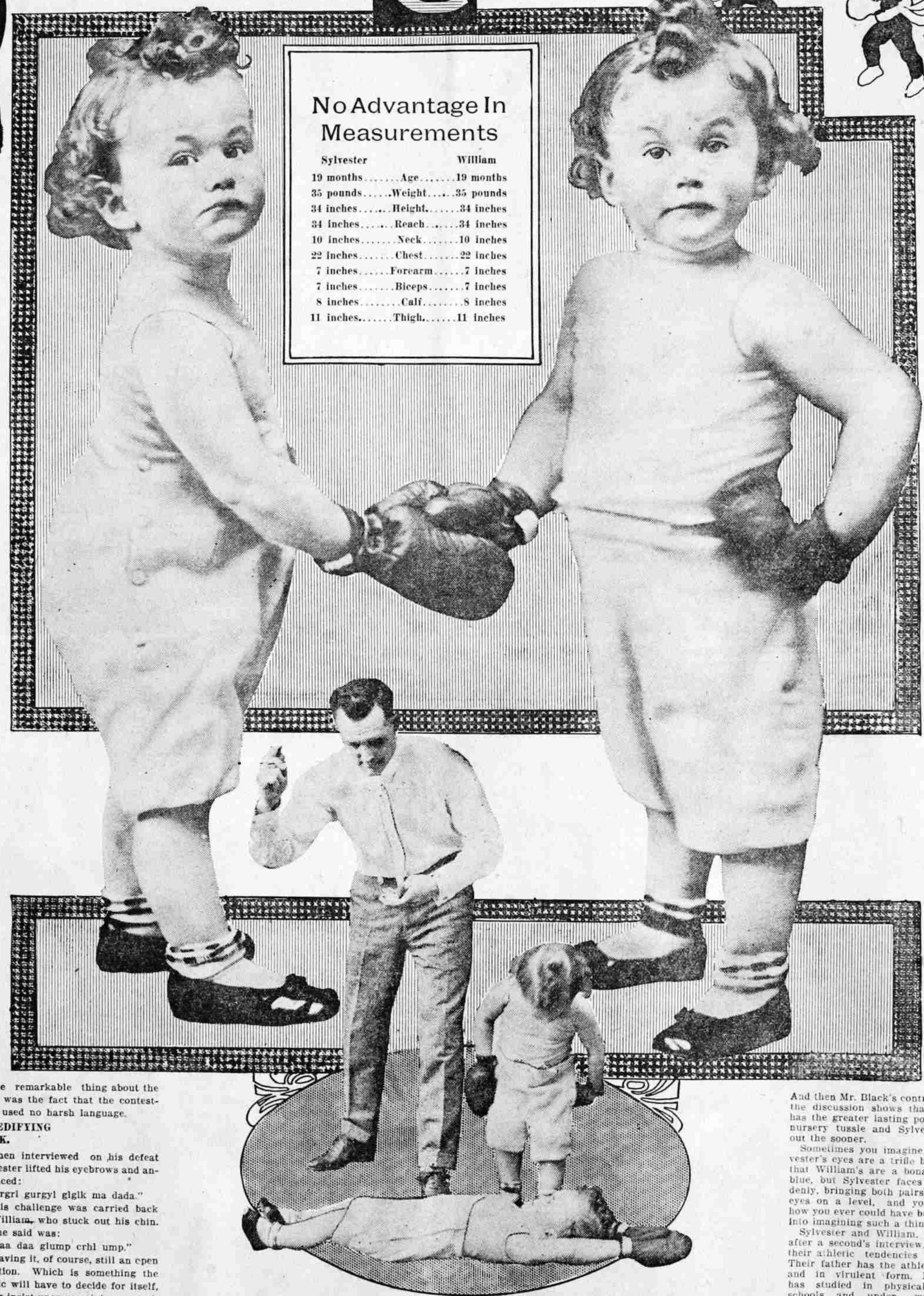
Sugar of milk.

Lime water.

Their training regime also includes plenty of sleep—from 11 to 12 hours a day. Meals in the Black household are always served on the stroke of the clock, never a minute after dinner time and never a second before the breakfast hour. The infant pugilists also thrive on abundant exercise in the open air, taken at stated intervals. Papa Black, publicity manager

No Advantage In Measurements

Sylvester	Age	William
19 months	19 months	19 months
35 pounds	Weight	35 pounds
34 inches	Height	34 inches
34 inches	Reach	34 inches
10 inches	Neck	10 inches
22 inches	Chest	22 inches
7 inches	Forearm	7 inches
7 inches	Biceps	7 inches
8 inches	Calf	8 inches
11 inches	Thigh	11 inches



Sylvester Takes the Count.

their ankles and touch toes to the forehead five times.

EARLY DEVELOPMENT.

"After a while they became so accustomed to the movements that I would only have to snap my fingers and say 'Exercise' and they would drag out the cushions, lay down in a second, and go through the same thing all over again."

"They have been able to hold themselves suspended by their arms since they were two months old and can hold the position at least 30 seconds. Another favorite exercise of theirs is that of suspending their forms rigidly from one chair to another."

"I have always insisted that they take their exercise at a certain time either in the morning or at night, and also that they have a certain time for eating," continued Mr. Black.

"They have been able to walk wheelbarrow fashion on their hands since they were two months old, too, and they did this long before they began to use their feet. Their weight has always been two or three pounds over the natural one. Each weighed eight pounds at birth."

The future champion's measurements, as shown on this page, tabulate exactly the same, whether his name is William or Sylvester.

ONE DIFFERENCE IN 'EM.

If there is any difference at all in the similarity of infant perfection in the twins only their parents have discovered it. Sylvester—or it may be William—we're not certain which is just the merest trifle with the left bootie. But, on the other hand, as Mrs. Black proudly points out, Sylvester's reach outdistances William's by a fraction of an inch.

And then Mr. Black's contribution to the discussion shows that William has the greater lasting powers in a nursery tussle and Sylvester tires out the sooner.

Sometimes you imagine that Sylvester's eyes are a trifle brown and that William's are a bona fide sky blue, but Sylvester faces you suddenly, bringing both pairs of bright eyes on a level, and you wonder how you ever could have been fooled into imagining such a thing.

Sylvester and William, you learn after a second's interview, come by their athletic tendencies honestly. Their father has the athletic "bug" and in virulent form. Mr. Black has studied in physical culture schools and under well-known wrestlers and health experts and he intends the training of his sons to be as scientific as Chicago's advantages will allow.

THEY INHERITED MUSCLE.

About the Black household the twins are becoming such batteries of activity that they are almost too much for even their mother to handle. They are in training every day and practice with the dumb-bells or standing on their heads. After the ice is broken when there are visitors present they jump up gayly to grab the piece of brown stick held in their father's hands. Chinning themselves they stick their curly, reddish blonde combs up cheerfully over the top and shout "Hello" and "By by" at you in consonant baby talk while they dangle their legs.

And the only warning to Jess Willard and the future heavy-weight champions of the world as to the loss of their title has to be translated from this:

"Dada klk gylmp daa."

WHAT THEY ALL SAY.

Sylvester Black—Goo goo glug glump yama yama. (This translated as meaning that good milk makes strong babies.)

William Black—Goo goo glug glump yama yama. (In these code words is contained the statement that early to bed and late to rise makes a baby a jewel to his parents.)

Mama Black, (chief dietitian)—They're just like their father—both of them. But if they keep in training he'll have to stop work and take care of them himself. They'll be too much for me to manage.

Papa Black, (publicity manager and referee)—Jess Willard or his successor won't be in it with these twins. They can't be beaten—in 1935.

Expert Instructions.

"Here," said Mr. Tellitt, when his wife was trying to insert the point of the scissors in the tight wrapper of a rolled magazine that had just been left by the postman. "Here, that's no way to open that wrapper. Let me show you how it should be done, and after this you will have no more trouble. You go at it wrong. You shouldn't try to rip the wrapper down the smooth side of the package, but should just slip your finger in here where the ends of the pages show, and—"

He stuck his finger under the wrapper along the edge of the leaves, but only tore away about a quarter of an inch of it.

"This is tolerably tight," he muttered, and took the scissors. "I'll work it this way. You see, the way you were going about it you would have torn the cover, if not several of the leaves."

He pushed the scissors into the wrapper and began shoving, but the paper was tough and the scissors slipped out after going about an inch. He tried it again, with no better luck. Mrs. Tellitt looked on with a well-why-don't-you-do-it expression, and Mr. Tellitt jabbed and jammed with the scissors, bringing away little scraps of the wrapper, until he grew angry and stabbed the magazine with the weapon until he got one end free of the wrapper. Then he seized the free leaves with both hands and ripped and tore the thing from the wrapper.

"There!" he growled, handing his wife the fragments of the periodical. "There! If you had handed it to me in the beginning, and hadn't started it to rip there wouldn't have been any damage done it. Next time either come straight to me with it or don't bother me about it at all."

Covered by the Rules.

A bright little girl in a large school applied to her teacher for leave to be absent half a day, on a plea that her mother had received a telegram which stated that company was on the way.

"It's my father's half-sister and her three boys," said the pupil anxiously, and mother doesn't see how she can do without me because those boys always act so dreadfully."

"I think it might come under this head, Miss Rules," said the girl, pointing, as she spoke, to the words "Domestic affliction."

Know Which was Which.

Johnny's mother gave him two 5-cent pieces, one for candy, the other for the Sunday school collection.

Lighthearted, he was tossing the coins in the air on his way to the church, when suddenly one eluded his grasp and disappeared through a cellar grating. Down on his knees he peered into the dark pit, only to thoughtfully first into his hand, next at the cellar steps, he remarked: "Well, there goes the Lord's nickel!"

Mrs. Tellumwhort has cogitated deeply upon the inner philosophy of life, and she says that no matter which spring bonnet a woman buys she will wish she had taken the other one.